

Ah

the places poets go
try a public auction
a probate sale
I'm seated in the
courtroom
and the rich buyers
are adjusting their ties
anxious to begin bidding
against each other

who is the greater "man"?
they seem to want to prove

him with the highest bid
each is convinced

I don't care
I'm in for a fifth
of the purchase price
it's all grand to me
the higher the better
the bigger man the better

2 of them bid like hell against
each other
both coat and tied
in very conservative
court attire

now it's up to 449,000\$
and now the winner goes to 45% of a
million

jesus. that's about 80 grand for me
lucky my grandmother left it
that way

now
afterwards

out in the hallway
the real estate agents get the winning man to
sign his name on dozens of papers
his face suddenly becomes flushed with blood
his face is actual scarlet
why has this happened?

I don't know
maybe it's my little devil's beard he's
looking at
I've got enough money
now
to write poems
for years